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# POLITICKS in MINIATURE:

Or, The Humours of  
**PUNCH's RESIGNATION.**

A

Tragi-Comi-Farcical-Operatical Puppet-Show.

W I T H

A New Scene of PUNCH's LEVEE, and the surprising Metamorphosis of his *Puppets*.

To which is added, The

## Political Rehearsal.

# HARLEQUIN LE GRAND:

Or, The TRICKS of  
**PIERROT LE PRIMIER.**

W I T H

The Cheats and Adventures of *Punchinello*,  
*Mezotin*, *Scaramouch*, *Pantaloone*, and others.

B E I N G,

A Tragi-Comi-Pantomimical Performance  
of Two Acts.

In which are introduced,

An Heroic Scene on FEMALE HONOUR, and a  
very Majestic Pantomime Scene of Kicking.

The Whole interspers'd with,

*Patriots*, Chorus of *Patriots*; *Courtiers*, Chorus  
of *Courtiers*; *Songs*; *Observations*, critical and  
political.

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Taken from the WESTMINSTER JOURNAL of  
March 20, 1741-2, Oct. 30, & Nov. 6, 1742.

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L O N D O N:

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## Poetics of Minature

## 1. Introduction

#### Subsidiary Organization

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sub has "natural" elements to add to my A.



A circular seal or emblem is centered at the bottom of the page. It features a stylized figure, possibly a deity, in the center, surrounded by concentric circles containing text in a non-Latin script, likely Hebrew. The seal is set against a dark background.



Taken from the  
WESMINSTER JOURNAL,  
Of Saturday, March 20, 1741-2.

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*From my Lodgings in Spring-Gardens.*

*Totus Mundus agit Histrionem—Ligneum.  
Valeat Res Ludicra.—*

**T**HAT all the World is a *Stage-Play*, and all Men are merely Players, is a Reflection as just as it is common. The Similitude may be carried farther, by comparing it to a *Farce*, in which the Scenes have more of the *Ridiculous*; and, I think, yet farther, if we fall in with the Sentiments of my following Correspondent, who sent me a Scene of a *Puppet-Shew*.—I can say no more of where it was perform'd, or who are the *Dramatis Personæ*, than Mr Gay explains of the Secret History of his *What-d'ye-call-it*,

*There is a Meaning in it, and no Doubt  
You All have Sense enough to find it out.*



## POLITICKS *in MINIATURE:*

### S C E N E I.

- *MASTER of the Puppet-Show and PUNCH.*

*Master.* **V**A T, Master *Punch*, make you in such Passion?

*Punch.* Z—ns! all the Puppets are in Confederacy against me.—There are Plots;—Plots in the State, Sir.

*Master.* Plots! Vat you call Plots, Master *Punch*?

*Punch.* I'll tell you what I call Plots.—You know I have been the *Hero* of the *Stage* for twenty Years: I have acted all the principal Parts: I have diverted the Publick with several ingenious Pranks; made heroic and witty Speeches; knock'd down those Puppets that affronted me; kick'd those off the Stage that contradicted me; introduc'd those that complimented me. Thus have I reign'd, with distinguish'd Lustre, at the Head of your Company of *Wooden Politicians*.

*Master.* Vary vell, Master *Punch*: But vere be dis grand Plot? You have often talk'd of de Plat, and de Plot; but vere be dis Plot?

*Punch.* There are Parties form'd against *Me*; and some of the Puppets have been bold enough to say that I should not be at the Head of the Campany any longer.

*Master.* Be dis de Plot!—Dis is only 'gainst *You*. I tought against *Me* dat it was laid by mine Puppets.

*Punch.* Why, have I not told you an hundred Times, That is the very same Thing. Witnes ye Gods! that through my Sides they strike at *You*: They look on all my Actions as yours: They know I move and have my Being from *You*; and whatever Part I play, it is with *your Consent*.

*Master.*

*Master.* Vary true. But if I command you to *say dis*, or *do dat*, shall rascally damn'd Puppets contradict me? Don't dey know dat I hold de Strings dat move dem about on de Stage? Dat it is I speak what you squeak out? Dat —

*Punch.* But, Sir, They say that they have felt a new Kind of *Inspiration*; and that some God, or other, has endued them with new *Faculties* and *Powers*; and that they can speak and act upon new *Principles*. Therefore, in the Scenes they now play, you are to look on them not as mere Pieces of Wood, but as real Characters.

*Master.* Oh! ho! — Den dat — (vat you call!) — dat *Inspiration* be de *Plot*. And all mine Puppet in dis Plot?

*Punch.* No, No: I have a strong Party, as you will see soon. If you will sit down here behind the *Screen*, you shall a see such Scenes play'd among your Puppets, as will be an arrant *Droll*.

*Master.* And who move de *Strings* all dis Time?

*Punch.* You are not to imagine them wooden Figures. Be a Spectator of real Representation, and I will begin the Farce. — Whenever you think proper of speaking with us, it must be behind the *Screen*. — [Exit.]

*Master.* — Vary vell! — Mine Show House is full of Spectators: the Curtain draws up; and — ha! ha! enter Master *Punch* for de *Prologue*,

Enter *PUNCH*.

*Punch.* Britons attend! — nor haughtily disdain  
To View the Actions of our mimic Scene;  
A Group of various Characters it brings,  
All Statesmen, and all mov'd by secret Springs.  
In Fiction's Guise we real Truths rehearse;  
The World, and the World's Rulers prove a Farce;  
Nor Statesmen, dare our Statesmen here despise;  
As you they're honest, and as you they're wise.

But, laying tragic Rants aside, you see  
The comic Heroe of the Show in Me.  
In me behold him who ne'er had his Fellow,  
Ennobled by the Title *PUNCHINELLO*.

*Long o'er the Stage I've bore tyrannic Sway,  
And made the Puppet Herd my Pow'r obey ;  
I bluster'd, laugh'd, swore, swagger'd, kick'd, — and  
then,  
In humblest Mood I took some Kicks again.  
But now behold me in an odder Station,  
Playing the Farce of Statesman's Resignation,  
A Scene I still shall do less Good than Hurt in ;  
Then bid you kiss my — , and drop the Curtain.*

[Exit Punch.]

*Master. O rare Punch ; Dat vas admirably vell  
swoke.—Now de Scene opens with Punch's Puppets.  
Dere be de Cockade Puppets, de Blue, de Green, de  
Red, de Black and Vite — Vat you call dis Scene,  
Master Punch ?*

*Scene discovers Punch at his Levee of Puppets.*

*Punch. This is the Levee.—Tho' there is thought  
to be much Art requir'd to play this Scene, it is no  
more than a Woman of common Beauty does every  
Day in the Drawing-Room,*

### S O N G,

*The Coquette, encirled round  
With the Fops she deigns to wound,  
Shews the Wisdom of the Fair,  
Smiling here, and ogling there ;  
Raising Hope, by kindly glancing ;  
Seeming Favours now advancing ;  
All in Turns expect the Blessing ;  
All insur'd of the Possessing :  
But the Sly Maid, at Love's true Call,  
To some fond Creature of her Heart,  
Who most she thinks can Love impart,  
Glad gives her Hand, and jilts them all.  
Like the Art of the Coquette,  
Is our Conduct in the State ;  
Circled by a hundred round,  
Hundred little Arts are found ;  
Here by bowing, there assuring ;  
Here by whisp'ring, ther's alluring ;*

*All expect the Favour granted :*

*All sure of the Place they wanted :*

*But find, mistaken in their Friend,*

*The Statesman never Favour gave,*

*But like the Woman to the Slave,*

*Who best he thought could serve his End.*

This has been my Maxim from my coming into Power, and I will retain it to my going out of it. Among all these there may not be five but may wish me hang'd, if it was not their Interest to have me at the Head of them: And that I can't be long; therefore I must manage them with all the Art I am Master of.

Punch comes from the side Scene towards the Puppets, bowing very low to them, and they all with many Cringes return the Compliment.

Punch to a Red Puppet. I dont remember, Sir, ever to have seen you here before.

Puppet, No, Sir, my Command in the Army prevented me: As I was a Lieutenant-Colonel of a Regiment, I thought it was my Duty to be with it, while my Colonel was attending your Honour, and the Business of P—rl—t.

Punch. I suppose then, Good Sir, you have now a Seat in the House, and have left the Command to the Major, or senior Captain, or Brigadier, or Sub-Brigadier, or—or—somebody or other.

Puppet. No, Sir, I have no Seat in the House: My Affair is This. My Colonel is dead: I have been Lieutenant-Colonel above Thirty Years, and in the Service near Fifty: I am come to sollicit for this vacant Regiment, as my long and faithful Services to my King and Country may plead in my Favour.

Punch. Service to your King and Country, Sir?—What Services Sir?—Why you have No Seat in the House, Sir:—I thought you might have had a Seat in the House. I can't do any Thing in your Affair, Sir.—Nay, I don't know but the Regiment is dispos'd of.—[Turns on his Heel from him.] Ask for a Regiment, and no Member: The Fellow's mad sure! [to a Ducal Puppet at his Elbow.]

*The Red Puppet retiring.) This is just as I was told.*

*Hence vile Reproach sullies the Soldier's Fame,  
And as Corruption's Minion brands his Name :  
Rough, and experienc'd in War's honour'd Art,  
Their Tongue unguileful, and unstain'd their Heart,  
Our Fathers serv'd their Country and their King ;  
But modern G—n'r—ls modern Talents bring :  
Hence Vice our honest Soldier's Fame destroys,  
Ensigns are Senators, and G—n'R—ls Boys. [Exit,  
Punch to a Puppet with a Star on his Breast. And does  
your Grace really think of going into the Army ?*

*Puppet M. I am determin'd on it.—I will be a  
Soldier.*

*Punch. A Soldier ! No, no, your Grace shall be no  
Soldier.—You shall be a General.—There is a Regi-  
ment luckily just vacant.—I have been sollicited for it,  
but—I am glad I have an Opportunity to offer it  
your Grace.*

*Puppet. I am your Honour's most humble, and most  
obedient Servant.—I shall endeavour to return the  
Favour.*

*Punch. I don't doubt it. [to another Puppet.] O ! Your  
Servant, Mr Stauch.—A Word with you.—I don't  
know what to do about what you requested of me—for—*

*Puppet. For what ? I am surpriz'd at any Demurs : I  
never ask'd any Thing for myself.—I could not have  
thought after the Services I have done you that such a  
Tisle—*

*Punch. Don't mistake me : I recommended your Son  
to the Board for a Fifty-Gun-Ship, but was answer'd he  
had not been a Lieutenant above a Year :—What cou'd  
I say ?*

*Puppet. What you wou'd have said had you had a  
Mind it shou'd be done.*

*Punch. Well, Mr Stauch, I would not have you  
out of Humour : Your Son shall be commission'd as  
you desire : You shall be convinc'd of it now. [Calls a  
Puppet.] Chevalier Carolo, Mr Stauch's Son is I hear a  
very pretty Fellow in the Navy : Is there any Fifty-  
Gun Ship vacant ?*

*Puppet.*

*Puppet Carolo.* Not at present; but we shall Commission some next Week for that *Secret Expedition* you talk'd of.

*Punch.* O! Very well: Give Mr *Staunch* the first Fifty-Gun Ship you Name.

*Puppet Carolo.* It shall be done.

*Staunch.* I thank your Honour, I knew your Honour's Power if you would exert it.

*Punch.* You'll be at the House, *Staunch*, we shall have warm Work.

*Staunch.* Never doubt me: Your Honour's Servant.

*Punch.* Plague on't, here comes a Right ~~R—vr—d~~ Dun, which of all Court Duns is the most troublesome and insatiable.

*Puppet Lawn.* I beg your Honour's Pardon for not waiting on you as soon as I came from my Diocese but I have been laid up with a Fit of the Gout.

*Punch.* French Wine and Champaign, my Lord, have strange Effects, Ho! ho! ho!

*Puppet Lawn.* Your Honour pleases to be merry: But in Truth this *Election* Affair did compell me to exceed a little: I love, if I serve my Friend, to serve him with *Spirit* and *Truth*.

*Punch.* Then you serve your Friend better than you do your G—. [Aside.] I hear, my Lord, that you remarkably distinguish'd yourself by your Zeal.

*Puppet Lawn.* Sir, I exercis'd my *Pastoral Authority* over my Flock, and dispers'd Circular Letters to order them how they should vote: I have been threaten'd by the *Faction* on this Account, but I esteem myself safe enough under your Honour's Protection,

*Punch.* My Lord, you have not much to apprehend: Some silly Fellows may indeed say, That you did not act becoming a *Father* of the *Church*, that you were one of my *Tools*; that you were a *Mercenary Priest*, and that your Robes ought to be strip'd over your Ears: Perhaps too you may be obliged to ask Somebody's Pardon on your Knees: But what's all this? When 'tis over you may bid them all kiss your A—.

*Puppet Lawn.* Ha! ha! ha! Your Honour's witty.

—But

—But, please your Honour, I have News to tell you.

—My Lord of —, who, you know, was of the other Party, was given over this Morning by his Physicians. I am sorry for my Brother of —: He was a good sort of a Man; but had not a right Way of Thinking in Politics.

*Punch.* And pray what honest Fellow do you know of to succeed him.

*Puppet Lawn.* Why,—Umph!—Why,—Ha! ha! ha! —Your Honour knows that See is Two Thousand a Year more than mine.—If your Honour thinks Me a tolerably honest Fellow.—Ha! ha! ha!—I know your Honour likes a Joke.

*Punch.* I'll tell, you my Lord, whoever has that B—ck, must make a Free-will-Offering of Five Thousand Pounds to a certain Female Saint. If your Lordship's Orthodoxy can allow of this Saint Worship, I shall think you an honest Fellow enough.

*Puppet Lawn, to himself,* Five Thousand for Two Thousand a Year:—Two Years and a Half pays the Purchase-money.—I am Forty-six;—may live twenty or thirty Years longer:—Say Seventy:—That's Twenty-four:—That's Forty-eight Thousand Pounds for Five.—Please your Honour your Saint may be assured of my Devotion and Offering.

*Punch.* And you of the B—k. Well; this will buy Polly a pair of Ear-rings. (*Afide*) Oh! Your Servant, Mr Freeman, I did not see you before: Have you been with P—x—n?

*Puppet Freeman.* Yes, please your Honour.

*Punch.* And he has given you those Papers of Hints and Instructions?

*Puppet Freeman.* Yes, Sir.

*Punch.* Pray take Care and write stronger: Lash those factious tumultuous Set of Fellows, the C—t-zens of L—n: Lay about you as if you were in earnest.

*Puppet Freeman.* I shall obey your Honour's Commands.

*Punch.* I have given P—x—n a Draught of fifteen hundred Pounds for you: But out of it you must give the

*the Fellow a Hundred*, who wrote the Letter to a Member of Parliament.

*Puppet Freeman.* I will, Sir.—Damn your Temper.—Even in your Extravagance you can't forbear your old Trick of Quartering. (*Aside.*)

*Punch.* Have you any Busines with me, Sir? Or is this only a Visit of Compliment.

*Puppet.* Sir, my Name is MERIT.

*Punch, Merit! Merit!*—I don't know you.

*Puppet.* I was recommended to you by Doctor Galen.

*Punch.* Oh! You are the Cambridge Man that is going to print some learned expensive Work.

*Puppet.* Which I hope to have the Honour to inscribe to your Patronage.

*Punch.* Sir, These Works of Learning are of no Use to me: I must be excus'd, you may find a more proper Patron; but as I love to encourage learned Men, there's a Guinea for you. [Turns from him and goes on, followed by the other Puppets.]

*Puppet MERIT, Solus.*

A Guinea!—A single Guinea!—What a Wretch!—

*From these curs'd Walls with Terror I will fly,*

*Where Arts and Science never will come nigh:*

*Where the mean Sycophant, or venal Slave,*

*Rival the Honest, and supplant the Brave:*

*To the low'd Banks of Cam, the Muses Seat,*

*Of Learning and Science the Retreat,*

*Will I retire; and, blest in my low Sphere,*

*Leave Vice and Folly still to triumph here.* [Exit.

*Punch.* Now for my Senatorial Puppets: [Goes forward and a Circle is form'd.] Your Servant, Gentlemen.—We sat late last Night.—

*Puppet Winni.* Had we carried your Honour's Point, we shou'd not have grudg'd the Hardship of the Service. You find we are staunch: Not Death can affright us: The Sick, the Lame, forget their Diseases: Poor Mr W—lt—rs came beswaddled up in Blankets; yet all wou'd not do: We lost the Question.

*Puppet H—ce.* Ay, that damn'd W—ſ—r Election has done our Busines. Three or four thousand Pounds, well

well laid out last Summer, wou'd have done more than three or fourscore thousand can now.

*Punch.* Brother, Brother, that is the severest Stroke we have felt: such another will compel me to quit the Stage.

*Puppet H—ce.* Quit the Stage! What will become of me?

*Punch.* Never fear: I have a way to bring you off safe, as well as myself.

*Puppet H—ce.* The Devil you have.—I am then one of the happiest Dogs in *England*. What! No Account for my *American Transactions*? No Enquiry? No Refunding?

*Enter PUPPET Y— in a burry.*

*Puppet Y—.* Where, where's his Honour?

*Punch.* Why in such a hurry? Mr Secretary? What News from the Army?

*Puppet Y—.* There is a Desertion in your *Corps de Reserve*. The *Welch Forces* have openly revolted; — but as for the *Northern*, I can give you no certain Account of them.

*Punch.* They may try what Forage they can get; but they will come back to their Colours.

*Puppet Y—.* I have been making fine, smooth, oratorically-affecting Speeches to them, and all to no purpose: You must hasten into the Field of Battle yourself, and try if you can rally your Forces before you are intirely beat out of it.

*Punch.* A most metaphorical Description of having lost the *M-j-r-ty*. Well, Gentlemen, all go and do your Duty: This is the last public Effort we can make: I have some important Affairs which I must first transact in another place, but I shall meet you at *Philippi*.

[*Exeunt Punch and his Gang separately.*

*Scene changes.*

*Enter three Puppets in private Conference.*

*Capt. Caledon.* Look ye, Gentlemen, I am against your Proposal: I will not hear of a Screen.

*Mr*

*Mr English.* Nor can I approve of your *Latitudinarian* Principles of taking All into play.

*Mr Worcester.* I am against carrying things to extremity.—I hate *Punch* as much as any of you ; but if he will voluntarily go off the Stage, then his Scene of Action ends.

*Capt. Caledon.* I don't know that : We have Characters which often speak from behind the Scenes. In short, we do nothing, if, after we have turn'd him out from being an *Actor*, we make him *Prompter*.—The principal Characters will get into his blundering way, from the blundering *Cues* he will give them.

*Mr. English.* Though you may cast yourselves what Parts you please ; you may play the General, and you the *Cashier* ; yet you know the Master cannot bear the Name of the old-fashion'd, high-buskin'd Puppets, which he calls the *Tory-Rories*.

*Capt. Caledon.* Without an absolute Coalition of all the Company, and expelling *Punch* even from behind the Scenes, I am determin'd not to act, but will only come on the Stage, as *Cato* did into the Theatre, to go out again.

*Worcester.* The Busines of the Stage must not stand still ; and I would rather play any tolerable Part, than have it worse perform'd.

*Capt. Caledon.* I find *Punch* has more Interest than I imagin'd, and is pressing a Sequel Interlude behind the Scenes, while we are busy on the Stage.

*Mr English.* Which he will call the *Mock-Resignation*.

*Capt. Caledon.* And which will be damn'd, with every Actor in it.—The Moment therefore I see the Rehearsal of it begin, I will leave the Company.—You know my Sentiments. *Adieu.* [Exit.

*Mr English.* This Difference of Opinion bodes no Good. I know not what to think of it.

*Worcester.* I must think of playing the Part I have undertaken, as well as I can : And tho' I appear in *Punch's Place*, I must not talk in the same Tone.

*Mr English.* Nor act in the same Manner ; unless you wou'd meet with the Fate Capt. *Caledon* prognosticated.

*Worcester.*

*Worcester.* Bless me ! What means this Change ? I am no longer free : Some secret Strings pulls back my Arm : Another moves my Tongue : I am an errant Puppet.

*Mr English.* Something has made a little Alteration in me. I don't move as vigorous as before. Some one behind the Curtain has got playing *Tricks* with the Strings.

*Worcester.* Hey Day ! Here are half the *Puppets* come on with new Motions and new Faces.

*Punch* behind the Scenes.

Now, Sirs, you shall see what you shall see. — Observe that *Puppet*, that storms and raves, and calls Names :—With this little Touch he is *dumb*.—D'ye see *him* that stands by the Scene and won't come on.—*Presto*—I dispatch this Embassador to him : He takes him by the Hand, and he is in Action immediately.—What's that Fellow talking of *War* ? — Here, Sir, pull this little String, and he turns about : Now hark—

*A Puppet squeaks*,—*Negociations*, if honourable, and *Treaties of N—tr—y* may sometimes be allow'd.

*Master.* But *Punch*, dat vas you dat did squeak de *Negotiation*.

*Puppet.* But that is not seen by any body but you ; and therefore in the playing this whole Scene, the Joke lies in making them squeak my Words in their own Voices.

*Master.* Ver good *Shoke* !

*Punch.* But you shall see a better between me and two or three Puppets.

[Goes and confers with Puppets at the Side of the Stage.

*Master.* Oh ! dose be mine *Tr—f—ry Puppets*—; Vell, and vare be de *Shoke* in giving dem Pieces of Sticks ?

*Punch.* Why truly that may be no Joke to You, but its a very good one to me : That very *Joke* is worth fifty Thousand Pounds.

*Master*

*Master.* I can't find it out.

*Punch.* Oh ! That may be ; but I have made Many such a Joke without your finding it out.—Now, Master, You shall make a *Joke*, and that will crown the whole Farce.

*Master.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! Me make *Joke*, *Punch* ?—  
Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Punch.* [Leading up three Puppets.] You shall see—. Here is my old Friend *Will* and his *Wife* ; and here is your old Friend *Punch* and his *Daughter*.

*Master.* And vat den ?

*Punch.* Pull that Master-String and try.

*Master.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! Good Shoke indeed !—  
*Punch* and *Will* turn to just as *Lords*, and dere *Wife* and *Schild* just as *Ladies* :—Ha ! ha ! How dey strut, and de young *Wench* and de old *Womans* flaunt it.

*Punch.* Polly, my Dear, you must now remember your Rank.

*Puppet Pol.* I warrant you, Papa !—

### S O N G .

*Miss Polly.* *As Lady of Qual,*  
*I'll flaunt in the Mall,*  
*While 'tis said as I trip it along :*  
*With no Title Miss*  
*A New Lady is*  
*Old Lords and their Ladies among.*

*The People of Rep*  
*Blame Papa's false Step,*  
*In enobling the Wench of his Wh—;*  
*All his Power must own,*  
*For in this he has done*  
*What was done by no Subject befor.*

*Punch.* *O Pol ! should a Duke*  
*Thy Lineage rebuke,*  
*On his own bid him ponder well rather :*  
*If true what Fame's told*  
*Some Nobles—so old—*  
*A Scoundrel have bad for a Father.*

Puppet Will's Wife. O Polly, my Dear,  
*The Titles we'll bear*  
 Your Papa and my Spouse have got us,  
*The Honours we claim,*  
*Tho' their Loss of Fame,*  
*On them lies the censure, and not us.*

[Punch assembles all the Puppets round him.]

Punch. Ye Patriots of late,  
*Now Courtiers so great,*  
 Of my Places you've my RESIGNATION ;  
*Now Courtiers, true Blue,*  
*Play Your Parts to Cue,*  
*What a Farce will ye shew to the Nation !*

Grand CHORUS.

All Courtiers true Blue,  
*We'll play to your Cue,*  
*And a Farce we will shew to the Nation.*

Curtain Drops : Enter before it :

MASTER and PUNCH.

Master. Vell, dis end vid very good Shoke ; but vat  
 you come now for ?

Punch. O ! Sir, always an Epilogue to so grand a  
 Performance is expected, and I am come to speak it  
 in form.

E P I L O G U E.

Good People all, strange Things we do  
 In this our burlesque Puppet-Show :  
 But strange as they appear to you,  
 They are not stranger than they're true.  
 Some Criticks of deep Penetration,  
 May damn our mimic Resignation,  
 " And say that our Catastrophe  
 " Does not with Puppet Rules agree :  
 " Vengeance, for Punch's Crimes shou'd catch him,  
 " And at the last the Devil fetch him.  
 We have not brought this Scene to View,  
 But yet the Devil may have his Due.

## A

## PICTURE.

Humbly inscrib'd to Him who may most  
properly be call'd an *Original*.

*Taken from the WESTMINSTER JOURNAL of  
Saturday, October 16, 1742.*

*Ab avaritiâ & malâ ambitione laborat.* Hor. Sat.

— — — — — Omnes  
*Vicini oderunt noti, pueri atque puellæ*  
*Miraris?* — — — — — Ibid.

*Heu! patiar telis vulnera facta meis.* Ovid.

LIVES there a Man for no one Merit fam'd,  
 For ev'ry Vice and ev'ry Weakness blam'd,  
 Without Contempt and Censure never nam'd : }  
 Whom none esteem, love, like, or will defend ;  
 Without a Follower, Advocate, or Friend : }  
 Who never is sincere, yet can't deceive,  
 As none his branded Word or Vows believe : }  
 Who by long Use has brought his spungy Eye,  
 Like blub'ring Women, when he lists, to cry, }  
 The certain Mark he's telling you a Lie : }  
 Who foolishly believing all Mankind,  
 Because on some he had impos'd were blind ; }  
 Has shewn the World, by stretching the Deceit,  
 He's both a private and a publick Cheat ; }

Pleading the Statute to avoid a Debt,  
 The strictest Promise feigning to forget ;  
 And by a Friend entrusted to their Cost,  
 Pretending Deeds which he had hid were lost :  
 Who like a verbal Rebel to the State,  
 Teaching the Mob all Government to hate,  
 At once became an Advocate for Pow'r,  
 Stooping from those he'd injured to implore  
 Favours which never to accept he swore :  
 Till hoping, by his coarse transparent Arts,  
 To reign at Court, and in the People's Hearts :  
 By one rewarded, and the other priz'd ;  
 He is by Both detested and despis'd,  
 With the Reproaches of all Parties stun'd ;  
 For the Performance of his Perjuries dun'd ;  
 And now by Men of all Denominations shun'd :  
 Mankind convinc'd that in his Height of Fame,  
 Fraud was his Practice, Interest all his Aim :  
 His ev'ry Art and ev'ry Thought apply'd  
 To feed his Avarice, and swell his ride.  
 Thus his short Dream of worldly Grandeur o'er,  
 Despoil'd of Reputation, stript of Pow'r,  
 In an ennobled Colony he's plac'd,  
 To drudge for those by whom he's thus disgrac'd ;  
 And, with an *Alias* to his alter'd Name,  
 Like pillory'd Forgers, only rais'd to Shame.  
 If of this Picture all the Lines are true,  
 The Name at Bottom none can want to view ;  
 For tho' there's *one* such Man, there can't be *two*.



*Taken from the Westminster Journal of  
Saturday, October 30, 1742.*

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*From my Lodgings, Spring-Gardens.*

*Veluti in Speculum.*

Motto to Covent-Garden Theatre.

— *Ficta Simillima Veris.*



ROM the most trifling Occurrences in Human Life, to a Man of Philosophy and Speculation, something useful may occur! My Readers may smile, that after so grave an Apotheasm, I should illustrate it by so odd an Occurrence as sending the Maid of the House where I lodge for a Quartern of Butter for my Breakfast: But so it happen'd, she brought the Butter wrap'd up in some written Paper, and laid it on the Table by me.— The Ladies and pretty Fellows will laugh at the Inelegance of my Equipage; but for an Author, and a Philosopher too, it is well enough. After I had break-fasted, I took up the Paper and perus'd it; for it is my Humour to read all those detach'd Parts of Learning which come from the *Chandler's* or *Pastry-Cooks*; and I cannot but say I have receiv'd great Emoluments from under a Mutton-Pye, and been highly pleased with some Strokes of Humour which my Sugar or Butter have afforded me. It was so now: From that Fragment of greasy Paper the Public owe the Amusement of this Day: For when I found it a Manuscript Dramatic Performance of a very odd Cast, I call'd up the Maid, and ask'd her if the Chandler-Woman had any more of that Sort of Paper, and if she had I would buy it all. The Girl, as she knew my Way,

and that I had sometimes sent her for some old Books that were tearing up, ran away for it directly, and brought a whole Bundle of Papers, which the Chandler said were a Gentleman's, who had lodg'd in her *Garret*, and was lately dead. The Weight was told, the Purchase-Money was paid, and down I sat to rummaging them. I found a Poetical Cargo: One Bundle was mark'd, *An Heroic Poem*; another was a *New Miscellany*. But that which had been open'd (and which more than *Gothic Ignorance* had invaded) was the Dramatic Piece from which my Fragment was taken. However I apply'd myself to collating my MS, and after much Labour, except a few *Hiatus's* (*valde deflendi*) I have restored it pretty near its genuine Reading.

### The POLITICAL REHEARSAL.

#### Harlequin Le Grand: or, The Tricks of Pierrot Le Primier.

W I T H

*The Adventures and Humours of PUNCHINELLO, SCARAMOUCHI, MEZETINO, and Variety of other Personages.*

The *Dramatis Personæ* was somewhat imperfect, yet, after much Labour I was successful enough to make out the following Names.

Mr Bays, Lord Courtly, Mr Downright.

M E N.

Harlequin Le Grand,

Pierrot Le Primier,

Punchinello il Patriota Furioso,

Scaramouchi il Fiscario,

Pantaloон il Secretario,

Mezotin il Thesaurario,

Patriot Hind-cott,

Patriot Pen-sheep,

Patriot Sir Wat.

W O M E N.

Madam Joan,

Miss Polly, a C—t--ss,

Columbine, a C—t--ss.

With a Chorus of Patriots, Tory-roræans, Grumbletonians, &c. and a Grand Chorus of Courtiers.

The Scene——[Here an *Hiatus*.]

TIME, in the Seventeenth Century. ACT

## A C T I.

## S C E N E I. A Stage.

Bays, Lord COURTLY, DOWNRIGHT.

*Bays.* THIS, my Lord, is a particular Favour. Authors have not now a-days such Marks of Distinction paid them.

*Ld Courtly.* As you said your Piece had Novelty, I had a Mind to anticipate my public Pleasure, by seeing it rehears'd, and have took the Liberty to bring this Gentleman along with me: He is now a mere Country Gentleman, but was formerly a great Man among your Wits at *Button's*, I assure ye.

*Bays.* This, my Lord, enhances the Favour you bestow, for I hope the Gentleman will give his Opinion of my Piece, that I may correct any Errors which may occur.

*Dowright.* Really, Sir, I never was a Critic, and much less shall set up for one now, when I am an entire Stranger to the prevailing *Taste* of the Town.

*Bays.* O Sir! the *Taste* of the *Town* is all *Satire*, keen *Satire*, that stings, and cuts, and sets the People in a Roar. Now, Sir, mine is a *Satirical Political Farce*.

*Dowright.* But we apprehend in the Country that the Act of Parliament had laid an *Embargo* on all such Kind of Wit; and that you no more dar'd to laugh at Politics on the Stage, than at Religion.

*Ld Courtly.* If you are at Politics, Friend *Bays*, you stand but a bad Chance. If you would please the People, you must be severe on us *Courtiers*; which if you do, your *Farce* will never be *icens'd*.

*Dowright.* My Lord, I think that very hard: Why should your Characters become sacred, and those of the Rest of Mankind be open to *Satire* and *Ridicule*. A cheating *Citizen*, a *Booby Country Squire*, a *sharping Gamester*, may be lash'd as much as the Poet can; but are They Characters more deserving *Satire* and *Ridicule*, than

than a whimsical \*, a plundering Minister, or a trimming Patriot ?

*Bays.* Lookye, Sirs, licens'd or licens'd not, the Farce is wrote. I would not leave out a Character for a thousand Pounds. I don't know what *Inuendoes* some People may put on very harmless Things, nor what Applications others may make : But

*Qui Capit Ille facit.*

I am sure I have done all I can to avoid giving Offence, and chose a set of Characters from the *Opera Comique* of the *French*, and wrote the Scenes in their Manner ; so that, for what I know, what is said on this Stage, might as well have been said at *Paris*.

*Ld Courtly.* Well, Mr *Bays*, make no more Apology, but as the Actors seem to be ready, let the Rehearsal begin.

*Bays.* Gentlemen and Ladies in the Green-Room, are ye all ready ?

*Enter HARLEQUIN.*

*Harl.* Monsieur, it be impossible to act mine Part.

*Bays.* What's the Matter *Monsieur Le Grand* ?

*Harl.* Why dere be not one Hat as one Quarter big enough for me.

*Bays.* Where's that Hat you rehears'd in before.

*Harl.* O Monsieur ! in de practising de *Kicking Scene* I entirely demolish it : To play mine Part with any Spirit, I must have a new Hat every Day, or 'twill never do.

*Ld Courtly.* Pray, Mr *Bays*, is it necessary that your *Hero Harlequin* should have such a large Hat, and a new one so often.

*Bays.* My Lord, you must leave all the *Jeu de Theatre* to us Authors. Many trifling Things to your Appearance, are important Points to us ; and a large Hat is as necessary for my Hero, as a large Plume of Feathers to another : Nay, the whole Wit and Humour of one of my principal Scenes lies in the Action of the Hat.—You will see if you have Patience.—Well, *Monsieur*, step to the Wardrobe-Keeper, and take *Pistol's* Hat ; that will do for a Rehearsal.

*Harl.*

*Harl.* Hah ! ver vell tought of Monsieur. [Exit.]

*Bays.* But we need not stand still ; we may have the Prologue, if you please.

*Down.* O ! by all Means.

*Bays.* Come then, Mr *Trimmer*, will you enter and speak the Prologue, in the Character of *Punch*.

Enter PUNCHINELLO.

You must know that this Prologue lays open the whole Affair in a plain, easy, familiar Manner.—Remember, Mr *Trimmer*, the Waddle down the Stage ; it will mark your Character the stronger.

[*Punch goes to the Back-Scene, and waddles down the Stage.*]

*Punch.* Ye Sons of Britain, have you ever seen  
*Children on Twelfth-Day draw for King and Queen ?*  
*Though Courtly Titles in the List they put,*  
*Yet with them mix the Knave, the Fool, the Slut ;*  
*And, to fill up with Laugh the mimic Scene,*  
*Miss calls the Maids, and Master calls the Men.*  
*Then as the happy Lot kind Fortune brings,*  
*Queens rise from Cookmaids, and from Footmen,*  
*Kings.*

*In jestful Sport that Night they act the Great,*  
*And please their Masters with their awkward State.*

*So our odd Poet an odd Group hath brought,*  
*Where in low Characters high Things are wrote :*  
*Of Kings and Statesmen doing this and that,*  
*And couching Mysteries beneath a Hat.*

*Gay Harlequin assumes Majestic Airs ;*  
*The modern Patriot in grave Punch appears ;*  
*And Pierrot, ever blund'ring on the Stage,*  
*Here is, of State, a Minister most sage.*  
*Something and Somebody we represent,*  
*But You're to find out who and what is meant.*

[Exit Punch.]

*Down.* But, Mr *Bays*, *Punch* has left us in the Dark, with his Something and Somebody, if that We are to find out who is who, and what is what.

*Bays.*

*Bays.* Ay to be sure, Sir, you are : You would not have the whole Plot in the Prologue ? 'Tis enough that he tells you *Harlequin* is to put on *majestic Airs*, and that himself is a *Patriot* and *Pierrot a Primier* ; which hints all the Characters are great Personages *al Mascarado*.

*Ld Courtly.* You must then interpret a little, or your Novelty will have but little Effect.

*Bays.* Never fear, never fear.—Come, enter *Harlequin* and *Pierrot the Primier*.

Enter *HARLEQUIN and PIERROT*.

*Harl.* Pierrot, vat say de Vorld of *Harlequin Le Grand* ?

*Pier.* Ah ! Great Sir, had your Slave *Pierrot* been so happy, so wise, to have had so incomparable a Character as *Servant*, as you as *Master*, I should not be compell'd to leave so illustrious a Service.

*Harl.* Ah ! good *Pierrot*, you be mine faithful Servant.—But vat say de Vorld for my turning you away ?

*Pier.* That I am still in your Graces in private, and that in public you had not got a better in my Room.

*Harl.* Morblieu ! did dey not say before you vas damn plundering blundering Rogue, and ought to be hang.

*Pier.* Yes ; and what did I tell your *Grandship* ? That they all wanted something or other ; and hitherto you have found it true. Now *Pantaloone* is *Secretario*, he finds enough to do to mind his Office ; *Mezotin il Thesaurario* has all he wants ; *Scaramouchi il Fiscario* is very well contented at the Importance he thinks himself of.

*Harl.* But den dere be dat choleric Blade, *Don Furioso Punchinelto*, he vill raise all de Country *Pate*—*Pat*—vat you call 'em ? —

*Pier.* Patriots.

*Harl.* Ay, ay, dose Patriots vill make de great Stirs and Bustles : But you shall come behind mine *Screen*, Master *Pierrot*.

*Pier.* Ah ! generous *Harlequin Le Grand*, that is my last Asylum : But I know a Way to manage *Punch*.—By your Leave I'll make him —

*Harl.*

*Harl.* Vat vill you make him, ven he vill be *noting*?

*Pier.* Make him? Why make him a Lord, and that will be making him Nothing.

*Ld Courtly.* That is a low Pun, Mr *Bays*.

*Bays.* But, my Lord, it is a very great Truth, for all that.—Go on.

*Harl.* Vat! Master *Punch* turn my Lord *Punch*! But I make noting but *Lords*; dis Lord, dat Lord, t'other Lord; you Lord, he Lord, every Body *Lords*: Besides make Ladies upon Ladies. I make much *Noblesse*, much *Noblesse* make much *Pensions*, much *Pensions* much less Monies.

*Pier.* No; I can put you in a Way to remedy that: The more *Pensions* you give, you have the more *Votes*; the more *Votes*, the more *Taxes*; more *Taxes*, more Money to You, and more—Burthens on the People: But then he must be a *pitiful Fellow of a Minister*, that dares not raise Money as fast as He and his Master want it.

*Harl.* Me not have dose peeteful *Fellows*.—Vell, you desire Master *Punchinello* be made Lord *Punch*. Vill dat do?

*Pier.* Excellently! Shall I acquaint him with it?

*Harl.* If you will: Now I will send for *Pantaloone* and *Scaramouch*, to confer upon a *grand Design* me have in mine Head. [Exeunt separately.]

*Bays.* And so I end this Scene, and raise the Attention with a grand Design hinted at. Now the

*Scene changes to Punchinello's House.*

Come, enter *Punch* in a Passion, with a set of *Patriots* at his Heels.

*Enter PUNCH and PATRIOTS.*

*Down.* But, Mr *Bays*, what are you doing? I hope yo don't intend any Reflection on the *Country Interest*.

*Ld Courtly.* Egad, *Bays*, if you have, I'll take a Dozen Box Tickets extraordinary.

*Bays.* Gentlemen, I intend nothing but to give a Representation of a certain Affair, which has more *Truth* in it than *Wit*; for there must be plain Narratives in *Dramatic Pieces*, as well as History. This Scene is a *Multum in Parvo*. I, like *Shakespear*, scorn critical

critical Rules. In less than twenty Minutes you shall see all the Business of twenty Years.

*Ld Courtly.* Your Patriots are differently habited : Some seem *Tragedians*, and others *Comedians*. Pray why so, Mr *Bays*?

*Bays.* Emblem, my Lord, Emblem ! — Why, you must know, those in the tragic Habits and high Buskins, talking to *Punch* on his Left Hand, are such Genius's as are turn'd to the Sublime, and are for acting serious Parts ; who expect Events most strange, and *Catastrophes* most incredible.— In the *Drama*, my Lord, they are called the *TORY-RORÆANS*.— Now that comic Band on the Right of *Punch* are a set of odd Dogs, who can play low Characters exceeding well : They are, in Fact, *Punch's Merry-Andrews*, and will act the Farce call'd the *Bamboozle*, or, *Ye are all bit*, with any Company that ever came on the Stage.

*Down.* But what makes your Hero so earnest with his *Tory-Roræans*, while the Right-hand Men are on the full Titter.

*Bays.* See, they advance ; you will hear.

*1st Patriot.* *Pierrot* shall be no more :— With him shall end

Fell Discord and Distinction's baleful Name :

*No Screen, and the Broad-bottom*, is the Word.—

Or —

*Punch.* Surely, Mr *Hind-cott*, you may rely on me. You know my Temper, Farmer *Pen-sheep* : You may believe me downright and honest as the Heart you yourself wear.

*Pen-sheep.* Lookye, Master *Punch*, I have known thee many and many a Year : I remember some odd *Pranks* of yours ; but what's done is done and over. I'm not a Man of many high-flown Words now ; thof I have in my Time talk'd as big as any in the Parish ; but all I now say is, *The Proof of the Pudding lies in the Eating*.

*Down.* That old Performer looks as much or rather more like a Hero than any of them ; but his Stile is not upon the heroic.

*Bays.* But then there is Matter in it, Sir. —

There

There is more Sublimity in that Simplicity than you imagine : But don't interrupt.—

*Punch.* Gentlemen all,—for to you All I speak,  
Have ye not known my Enmity to *Pierrot*,  
For twice ten rolling Years ?—Have ye not heard,  
From my prophetic Tongue, ten thousand Curses  
Pour'd vengeful down on his devoted Head ?  
Who hath rav'd more against him,—than hath *Punch*?  
Who set his Deeds in stronger Light—than *Punch*?  
Who hath talk'd more, done more, fought more—than  
*Punch*?

Ye Gods ! and shall it now remain a Doubt !

That —

*2d Pat.* Holt, holt your Passions and your Pickerings

Man :

Pe Cot hur plieve hur pe a coot right Soul :  
Put, py her *Knighthood*, if thou play'ſt the Rogue,  
Thou pe'ſt the most confoundet Rogue of all.  
A Caitiff vile and base.—As Cot save W.A.T.

*3d Pat.* Brother, we believe you staunch.—No  
Place.—Remember.

*Punch.* No Place,—no Pension ;—nothing e'er shall  
bribe me.

*Omnēs Pat.* A Patriot ! a Briton ! a Briton ! a  
Patriot.

*1ſt Pat.* Remember—A Broad-bottom and no Screen.

*Punch.* 'Tis Well.

*Exeunt the Tory-roræan Patriots calling out,* No  
Screen ! no Screen ! a Broad-bottom ! a Broad-bottom  
*Punch and the others.* Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !

[Go off the other Way laughing.]

*Down.* Pray, Mr *Bays*, what made your comic Pa-  
triots seem very merry.

*Bays.* To hear their grave Brethren the Tragedians  
such Fools to believe one Word *Punch* said.—These  
are his Zanies :—They are in the Secret.

*Down.* Oh ! are they so ? Crave your Mercy, Sir.

*Ld Courtly.* But pray, Mr *Bays*, are you so lost in  
Politics that you have no *Women* in your Drama ?

*Bays.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! No, no, Sir ; not such an Ig-

*noramus in Politics* as that comes to. Why *Women* are the Soul of Politics: They are the *Primum Mobile*:—A *Prime Minister* has not a better Engine to work upon than a *Woman*,—if he knows how to use her rightly.—Yes, my Lord, I have Women; and the next Scene is between two illustrious Ladies.—Come, enter *Punch's Wife Joan*, alias Madam *Joanilla Punchinello*, and Miss *Molly*, alias the Right Honourable the Countess of—*What-d'ye-call-it*.

Enter Player.

*Player.* Sir, Miss *Polly* desires to be excus'd a Quarter of an Hour: The Wardrobe-keeper is not come; and she cannot, according to Character, even rehearse without one of the Countess's *Robes* and *Coronets* we use in the Coronation of *Anna Bullen*.

*Bays.* Very well.—These *Pun&tilios* must be comply'd with, Gentlemen. The Girl is mighty fond of her Part, and would not appear awkward in the *Paraphanalia* of a *Countess*, when she appears in public. In the mean Time we'll step into the *Green-Room*.

*Ld Courtly.* Ay, ay. I find your mimic Ladies have as much Pride as real ones.

*Bays.* Why, they are *Women* as well as *They*; and *Pride* is the predominant Passion of the Sex.—Hah! well thought on: Not to carry you off the Stage absurdly, take the following Lines on that Subject, which I wrote for a Play of mine: For, as my Act must now end here, it shall, according to modern Custom, be tagg'd with some Rhimes, and which are a proper Introduction to my next.

Pride rules the Sov'reign o'er the Female Heart;  
Moves ev'ry Passion, dictates ev'ry Art:  
By that inspir'd they Love, by that they Dress;  
And various Forms its various Pow'r confess.  
One proud of Beauty, one of Singing well;  
This wou'd in Dancing, that in Wit excel.  
This Universal Passion All controuls:  
Indulge their Pride, and you will win their Souls.

The End of the First Act.

THE



THE  
*Political Rehearsal, &c.*

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*Taken from the Westminster Journal of Saturday, November 6, 1742.*

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A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Enter BAYS, Lord COURTY, DOWNRIGHT.*

B A Y S.

 O U know, Gentlemen, what I said on the Pride of Women :

*This universal Passion all controuls,  
Indulge their Pride, and you will win  
their Souls.*

On that Maxim the whole Political System of my Piece depends.

*Ld Court.* Come then, Mr *Bays*, let us see this Scene of Humour between your Ladies ; surely they are ready by this Time.

*Bays.* Ladies, are ye ready ? Take Care to be at the opposite Side of the Stage to one another ?

*Polly.* Yes, Sir.

*Bays.* Very well. Now, my Lord, this Scene, in the Representation, is a View of an *Assembly*, and the Stage should be fill'd with Gentlemen and Ladies ; but as all our *Scenemen* and *Candle-snuffers* are at the *Alehouse*, and our *Stock Maids of Honour* and *Ladies of the Bed-chamber* are washing the Dressing-Rooms, or refreshing themselves

themselves at the *Ginsipop*, you must suppose the Thing, and that Madam *Joan* and Miss *Polly* meet accidentally at this public Place.—

*Down.* We will suppose every Thing, Mr *Bays*, to support the Dignity of your Scenery.

*Bays.* Come, enter Ladies, just in the Manner I taught you Yesterday.

Enter Madam *Joan*, and Miss *Polly* dress'd as a Countess: They cross the Stage, and pass by one another, each shewing all the Airs of Scorn and Contempt; during which *Bays* speaks.

*Bays.* Very well, Madam *Joan*.—Excellently Miss *Polly*.—A little more Airs, my Dear:—Give yourselves a little more Airs.—You cannot overplay this Scene.

*Down.* Over-play it! Why, I don't see what they are about, but flaunting at one another as two Rival Wenches would do, who never saw one another before.

*Bays.* The Thing, Sir!—Ha! ha! ha!—Rival Wenches!—Why, did you never hear of the Rival Queens?—Your *Statira* and *Roxana* give themselves much such Airs at their first Interview.

*Ld Court.* But then they speak.

*Bays.* And so shall these, if you will but have Patience, my Lord.—What a Plague an Author has with these Persons of Quality! [Aside.]

[After a long Pause.]

Miss *Pol.* Pray, Madam, would you speak to me? You seem as if you would.

Madam *Joan*. Since you have given me an Opportunity, I must tell you the Airs you give yourself among Persons of Quality and Distinction don't become you: Tho' your *Papa's* Power might have encourag'd you to this; yet, my Dear, as that is at an End, it would be more decent in you to put on a more humble Appearance, suitable to his Circumstances.

Miss *Pol.* Ha! ha! ha! Madam, your good *Man* has, for once, dar'd to keep you out of the Secret.

My

My *Papa's* Power, instead of being on the *Wain*, can still do any Thing, as Signior *Punchinello* knows full well. My *Papa*, Madam, has made himself a Lord.

*Madam Joan.* And you a Lady.

*Miss Pol.* Nay, more than that : He has, without making me a Lady, entitled me to take Rank of Ladies. Therefore, Madam, I hope it will not give you the least Pain, if, for the future, Madam, in all public Places where I and you shall meet, I take Advantage of the Rank I bear.

*Madam Joan.* Insulting Minx ! But I'll be even with her. If *Puncb*, with all his Patriotism about him, has not Power and Spirit enough to make *Me* a *Lady* as well as *She* is—I'll—I'll say he is a more pitiful Fellow of a *P—tr—t*, than *Pierrot* of a *M—ft—r*. [Aside.]

*Miss Pol.* I am sorry, Madam, I flung you into so deep a Meditation : But you cannot envy my Honours, as they are more peculiarly adapted to a *Court* : You, Madam, who are in the *Country Interest*, must have more Satisfaction in a private Retirement, among your honest Neighbours, than in all the Splendor of *Title*, and *Equipage* of a *Court*.

*Madam Joan.* Miss, you are drawing Consequences, without sufficiently knowing the World. Tho' a Lady has not been at *Court* for twenty Years, she will not have the less Taste for it, on her Return to it.

*Miss Pol.* O dear, Madam ! I beg your Pardon : I remember a Song which might have taught me better.

### S O N G.

*From a Court Dorinda flies,*  
*With her Husband in a Rage ;*  
*In the Country both grow wise,*  
*And condemn the modern Age.*

*Happy, happy, happy Grove !*  
*She in gloomy Temper sings :*  
*He cries, Far from Me remove*  
*All the Farce of State and Kings.*

*But shou'd Message come to Spouse  
(Who hates Courtiers) to resort  
Quickly to St J——s-House,  
And accept a Place at Court:*

*Sir and Madam! — Nymph and Swain  
Now no more; with one Accord  
Haste to London; change their Strain:  
She a Lady, He a Lord.*

*Thus of my Papa you still  
Find the Truth in Brib'ry's Vice:  
All are to be brib'd: The Skill  
Is to find, then give the Price.*

Which Maxim, Madam, I leave you to contemplate on. Ha! ha! ha!

[Exit.]

*Madam Joan.* As I live the Wench is in the Right of it. What the Deuce is my Husband about? — Well, for all his storming and storming that he will accept of Nothing, if he don't accept a *P—rage*, and make me a *Lady*, I'll go to *storming* too; — and he knows what a Storm I can raise, if I have a Mind for it. — What shall I be a mere Country Gentlewoman, when that pert *Creature* is flaunting as a *Lady* through the whole *Beau Monde*? — Forbid it Gods! —

Let me wander not unseen.

*Let me wander not unknown  
Through all the Splendor of the Town!  
At the Court my Airs display;  
For my Lady there,—clear the Way.—  
And at the Opera to bear,  
And the Play,—My Lady's Chair! —  
And every Chairman's Tongue aloud,  
Hollows my Title to the Crowd.  
And every Chairman's, &c.*

Oh! these, these are Charms ten Times beyond the nonsensical Title of *Patriotism*; and I will enjoy them, or I'll know why.

[Exit singing, And every Chairman's, &c.  
Bays]

Bays sings. *And every Chairman's Tongue aloud,  
Hollows my Title to the Crowd.*

Faith, I think I have carried her off with a great Deal of Spirit and Reason too.

*Down.* But you pay a scurvy Compliment to the Ladies, Mr *Bays*, to hint they have not Honour and Spirit enough to value their Husband's Reputation above an empty Title.

*Bays.* No, Sir; it is no Satire on the Ladies, if any such there be: The Satire falls on the Husband.

*Ld Court.* There, Mr *Bays*, I think you are right.—But pray where is *Harlequin*: We have not seen him since the first Scene.

*Bays.* Bless me! you are so impatient that you will not suffer the Business of the Drama to rise gradually. Don't you remember that he was to go to *Pantaloone*, *Scaramouch*, and *Mezotin* to confer about a *grand Design*? and do you think a grand Design can be conferr'd on the next Moment?

*Down.* Pray, Mr *Bays*, is not that *Harlequin* at yonder Side-scene?

*Bays.* Yes, Sir; and you will see him enter, if you have Patience.—Come, Gentlemen, go on with the Rehearsal.

*Enter HARLEQUIN, SCARAMOUCHE, PANTALOON,  
and MEZOTIN.*

*Ld Court.* Your Hero seems very oddly accoutred in those Jack-Boots, and Hat and Feather.

*Bays.* Not so oddly, when you hear the Reason.

*Harl.* Go! Yes, me vill go: Mine Honour says—  
*Go, go.*

*Pantal.* But then your Safety, Sir, cries *No, no, no.*

*Harl.* Vat be mine Safety, when I lay before ye, In making *Campaigns* how great be de Glory?

*Bays.* There, it's out, Sirs: Now you know why he is *Jack-booted*.—A Horse-Officer, or so, Sir.

*Scaram.* But ah! Think, Monsieur, of the great Expence:

To gain your Glory you must drain your Pence.

*Harl.*

*Harl.* Vat Fellow peeteful such Excuse offers !  
I'll draw mine Purse-strings, and I'll drain mine Coffers.

*Mezot.* Alack ! your Coffers are in a sad Plight,  
Pierrot has hardly in them left a Doit.

*Harl.* Fill 'em again den.

*Scaram.* But ah ! how and where ?

*Harl.* Vat's dat to me,—so dat dey filled are ?

*Pant.* Ah ! Sir, pull off your Boots ; assuage your Ire :  
This Winter nurse you by a good Coal Fire.

*Harl.* Vat ! pull mine Boots off when so far I've gone ?  
—But why de Diable did I put 'em on,  
Of all mine Enemy to kick de A——?

And shall mine Project turn into a Farce ?

*Pant.* Your Conduct from late Politics you borrow :  
To-day you know not what you'll do To-morrow.

*Harl.* Here, Scaramouch, fince ye all make dis Pother,  
Pull off dis Boot ; —you, Pantaloone, de oder.

[They pull off his Boots.]

Vell, now, Sirs, you of Fish have made fine Kettle ;  
For I, begar, vill not bate of mine Mettle :

[Pulls off his Hat in a Passion.]

And soon or late it shall he found by some,

[Flings it down.]

If I can't kick Abroad, I'll kick at Home.

[Kicks it round the Stage, and then quite off,  
and follows.]

Bays repeats. ————— It shall be found by Some,  
If I can't kick Abroad,—I'll kick at Home.

There are your Heroics, your Sublime, and all that.—  
Now, my Lord, you see the Necessity for Harlequin's  
grand Chapeau.

Down. But could he not more heroically have vented his Ire and Indignation on some nobler Object ?

*Bays.* Yes, Sir : But in describing the Passions we must always make them rise gradually : Tho' he begins with a Hat, he may end with a L——d, a P——y C——l, or a——I don't know what myself. — But pray let the Scene go on.—Signior Scaramouchi, and the Rest of you, on Harlequin's going off in such a Passion,

Passion, you should all look at one another in a Surprize, as if you were all half terrify'd.—Ay, those Phizzes will do.—

*Pant.* And dwells such mighty Wrath in little Men?

*Scaram.* I have heard much of these Humours: But what shall we do with him?

*Mezot.* Here comes Pierrot; he shall advise us.

Enter PIERROT.

*Pier.* So, old and new Friends, you are in deep Consultation: You find now there is some Plague in being at the Head of Affairs. I wish you much Joy. Ha! ha! ha!

*Pant.* You are merry.

*Pierrot.* I have Reason to be so. I have just left Punch, and settled every Point with him: I had much ado to bring every thing to bear: He stood off a good while, and I offer'd every Thing in vain, when in a lucky Moment, in came Madam Joan, and flaunted, because my Polly has had some Honours conferr'd on Her. I took the Hint, and immediately offer'd to make her a Lady, if her Spouse would come into my Terms.—*Come into them,* cry'd she. *Yes He shall, I'll never let him rest:* *I'll worry that Spirit Patriotism out of him:* *I'll neither let him Day nor Night, nor Morning nor Evening, nor* — Hold, hold, answers He, you need not be in a Passion; I consent—*Pierrot your Hand,* I am yours again.—Well, Madam, then answers I, you have nothing to do but chuse what Title you like, and your Ladyship shall have it.—Away she went directly to consult with a Herald; He to a Patriot Club, and I to see how Things went on Here.

*Scaram.* Why, Pierrot, we are in an odd Way: Monsieur Harlequin is in great Wrath: What must we do? He has kick'd his Hat, and threatens to kick Somebody.

*Pierrot.* And what then? Ha! ha! ha! Why, Sir, suppose he kicks you.

*Scaram.* Kick me!

*Pierrot.* Yes, Sir, if he has a Mind to it, you must stand a Kicking, or you will be no Favourite with Him:

Why,

Why, Sir, he has kick'd me a thousand times. What then? My Back was broad enough to bear it. After that Humour is over he is the best natur'd Man living: You may do just what you will with him.

*Scaram.* Well, well, some Oddnesses must be allow'd.

*Pant.* Now *Punch* is come in, and the whole Coalition fix'd, it would be proper we should wait on *Harlequin*, and congratulate him on the *Unanimity* and *Concord* that reign among his People.

*Mezot.* But you know the *Tory-roræans* and *Grumbletonians* will still make an Opposition.

*Pierrot.* That don't signify, you must tell him *every Body's* pleas'd, and he'll believe ready enough. Come, let's lose no Time, but about it instantly. [Exeunt.

*Bays.* Now this Occurrence introduces all my Characters in the last Scene.

*Ld Courtly.* But who have we here?

Enter *COLUMBINE* purſu'd by *HARLEQUIN*.

*Bays.* Ha! ha! ha! Here I thought to have surpriz'd you; for here is a short Scene of Pantomime.

*Down.* But pray why must not *Columbine* speak?

*Bays.* For two Reasons: First, because she can't—that is speak *English*; the next is, the Dialogue from the Business of the Scene would be too *Coarse* for the Delicacy of the Ladies.—Pray observe; this is quite *Pantomime*: There sits *Columbine* in a thoughtful Posture; *Harlequin* steals behind the Chair,—pulls it from under her,—down she comes, Ha! ha! ha! *Harlequin* runs off. Now the Scene changes: *Harlequin* is now sitting alone: There steals in *Columbine*,—gets to the Chair,—down it comes, *Harlequin* and all. Ha! ha! ha!

*Down.* What is all this?

*Bays.* Don't you see, don't you see *Harlequin* in great Fury kicks *Columbine* round and round and round the Room?—[To *Harlequin*.] Sir, Sir, you have kick'd her sufficiently, kick her off now as fast as you can. [*Harlequin* kicks her off.]—Did I not tell you I would shew you a Kicking Scene.

*Down.*

*Down.* But there is neither Rhime nor Reason in it.

*Bays.* True, Sir : It is the Representation of an Action which was without Rhime or Reason. I could have furnished both ; but here, for certain Reasons of State, I chose to give a Specimen of my Genius to Pantomime.

*Ld Court.* By this Incident your Catastrophe is drawing on. I hope, after all, 'tis not tragical.

*Bays.* No, Sir : I reconcile all with the littlest simplest Incident you can imagine. Now observe this Scene.

*Ld Courtly.* I wish, Sir, you would shew us your last.

*Bays.* You are going to have it.—Let but *Harlequin* compose his wrathful Countenance ; because he is to appear at his *Grand Levee*.

*Scene-men.* We are all ready, Sir.

*Bays.* Then draw the Back-scene.

*Back-scene draws and discovers Harlequin, Pierrot, Punch, Scaramouch, Pantaloone, Mezotin, Madam Joan, Miss Polly, Columbine, and Chorus of Courtiers.*

*Harl.* Since, all mine Gentlemen and Ladies, you be come into de Coalition, it please me much. I be glad to see L—d Pierrot and L—d Punch good Friends agen. *Columbine*, you and I bussee and be Friends.

*Bays.* There, Sir ; only one *Buss* does the whole Busines ;—and, besides, shews the Good-Nature of my Hero.

*Harl.* Mine good Peoples all, dis shall be de Day of Jubilee, and mine Poet shall make Odes upon it.

*Punch.* There is no Occasion, I have one ready.

*Bays.* Gentlemen Courtiers there, you must all remember to join in the Chorus.

Punch sings.

*Good People, who have given Ear to our Scene,  
It shews you, perhaps, what Things may have been,*

*Of*

*Of Courtiers and Patriots, the Tricks and the Rout ;  
Of how to get IN, and how safe to get OUT.*

*With a down, down, down, up and down, derry  
derry up and down, down derry down.*

*When Friendship and Faith for a Title are broke ;  
When all Public Spirit is turn'd to a Joke ;  
When the Statesman the Patriot's Soul can reverse ;  
What's your Patriotism Britons ?—like ours, 'tis a Farce.  
With a down, down, down, &c.*

**Grand Chorus.**

*All your Patriotism, Britons, like This, is a Farce.*

*With a down, &c.*

*Curtain drops.*

*Ld Court.* I wish you Success, Mr Bays ; but I am afraid you'll never get it licens'd.

*Bays.* Then I'll print it by Subscription : Tho' it would have much more Spirit in the Action. But, my Lord, I'll read it to a *Court Friend*, and he may put me in a Way how to have me bought off, as some other Authors have been.

*Down.* Surely you would not act on such Principles, when you stigmatize them in your Satire.

*Bays.* O ! Your humble Servant for that, Sir.

*Compare not Patriots Actions with their Speeches ;  
Nor what the Parson doth, with what he preaches ;  
I'll be no Bishop though the Bishop crieth,  
We all know the Right R——d Father lieth :  
Much as we will of Public Spirit boast,  
It is Self-Interest rules our Actions most :  
Say what we will of Virtue firm, and steady,  
All if they can will gladly touch the Ready.*

*L. L.*

[Exeunt.]

*F I N Y S.*



